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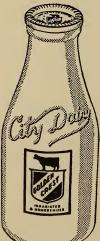


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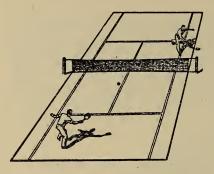
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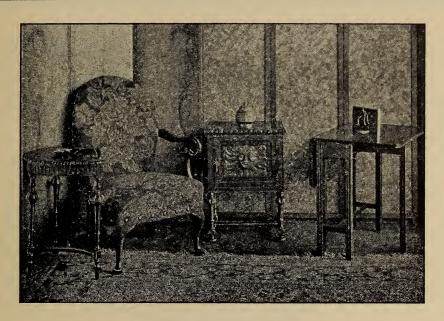
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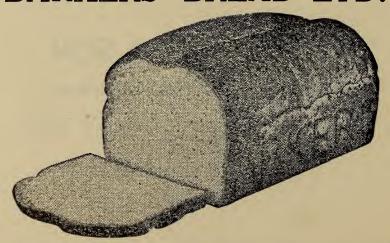
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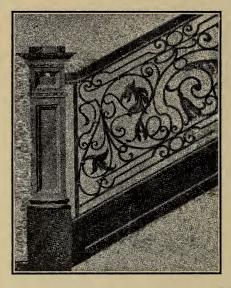
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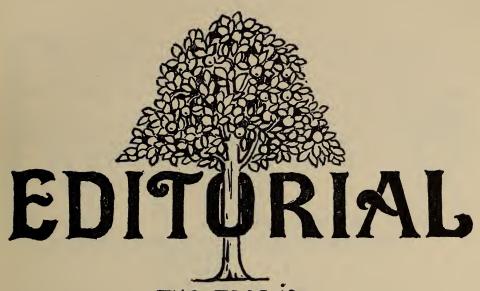
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There goes the bell!



THE . TREE . IS KNOWN BY . ITS . FRUIT .

Little by little throughout the world people are submitting to rule by dictators. They are losing the freedom and responsible government that they fought for. They are losing them mostly through laziness. When a dictator controls the country it is at least possible to shove all problems and national headaches on to his shoulders. His laws may be resented, but he has to take all the responsibility.

In countries that have gained democratic government with comparative ease, the people are also inclined to become lazy and to regard the government as some all-powerful, all wealthy machine which functions regularly without their attention and thought, if prodded now and then by letters of complaint to the newspapers. It is when a people becomes apathetic that they are in danger of losing their freedom.

Among high school students throughout Canada, there is a great deal of political inertia; a lack of knowledge and a lack of interest in the different political parties and their platforms. It seems to be a rare adolescent who reads the newspaper editorials as attentively as the "funnies" or who will listen to a political speech when Rudy Vallee is on the air.

Democracy does not advertise itself; it has no black or brown or red shirts, no banners nor marching, no frenzied shouting for the leader. It does not appeal through hero-worship or pageantry; but should it fail because of this lack? Canadian youth would be indignant if they were to lose the privilege of voting, but they do not seem to consider it as important even as the careful choice of their spring clothes.

It might be a good thing if we were forced to take as much interest in democracy as the youth of fascist and communist countries take in their respective governments; and were compelled to study how to improve and propagate our ideas of freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of religion and freedom of thought.

If every boy and girl looked upon his vote as a privilege and obligation and exercised his franchise carefully and conscientiously, our next generation would, without doubt, have a stronger democratic government.

PATRICIA GIBBONS (Clan McLean).



The Visit of Lady Tweedsmuir

On the afternoon of November the 22nd, Branksome Hall was honoured by a visit from Lady Tweedsmuir.

Her Excellency, accompanied by her Lady-in-Waiting, Mrs. Pape, was met at the door by a guard of honour composed of the prefects, and conducted to the drawing-room, where she was received by Miss Read, Mrs. Irving C. Hall, President of the Alumnae Association, and Mrs. W. D. Ross, after which the prefects were presented to Her Excellency.

From the drawing-room the guests were conducted to the platform of the gymnasium, and Barbara Parker, the Head Girl of the school, made a brief address of welcome to Lady Tweedsmuir. A short gymnastic contest of clan relay-races then took place, at the close of which Lady Tweedsmuir presented a prize cake to the chieftain of the winning clan, and then a bouquet of roses tied with the school colours was presented to Her Excellency by Pamela Fulford.

Then followed an exhibition of swimming, while the whole school formed a guard of honour, lining the halls leading from the swimming-pool to the library.

At the conclusion of the programme, tea was served in the Common Room and the members of the staff and the class officers were presented to Her Excellency.

BARBARA MARTIN (Clan Ross).

AMPBELL®

A tall and silent tree—an only pine, With spreading limbs and stature lean and proud

Beside the highway stood. A glaring sign

Nailed to its trunk proclaims, "Ten miles to Stroud!"

O what a shame—that once so proud and free

The king of woodland realms in estimation,

Now slave to modern times, this ancient tree

Holds high her head in mute humiliation.

JOYCE CAUDWELL, Form V.



AN ENCOUNTER

It happened one summer while I was staying by the sea. The night was dark and windy, but at intervals the clouds burst apart and the moon shone brightly. It was an ideal night for a walk and I expressed my wish to go out (to a group of visitors who were huddled around a bright cheery fire). They all stared at me in astonishment and quite frankly told me that I was crazy. Just then a low voice from the corner said, "I would like to accompany you as I, too, love a walk on such a night as this." Curiously, I turned to see an elderly man stand up. He was tall, and straight and came toward me with a quick, light step, a quiet smile playing on his lips. My sister whispered to me not to go but as I looked into the man's honest, keen, gray eyes I knew, somehow, that here was a kindred spirit. I expressed my delight in having his company and the two of us walked out into the night dressed in warm sweaters and mackintoshes.

Before I had gone many steps I realized that he was an out-of-doors man. He had a free and easy walk and seemed to think it the most natural thing to have the wind stirring and tossing his iron gray hair.

We walked along the cliffs for several minutes. The sea was dashing piteously against the rocks far below us. Suddenly the clouds parted and the moon peeped out. Only then did he turn to speak. "You love all this?" he asked with a broad sweep of his hand. I answered, "There is something so majestic and yet so real in it all that I love to be out with it—to feel it." He smiled as though this was his very thought. "You know," he said, "I always lived near the sea as a boy but I became a great business man and forgot it all. Now I'm an old man but I've come back to it. I'm nearly happy now." He smiled wistfully and we walked on in silence.

Presently he spoke again. "You have your life before you. Don't spoil it. Remember the joys that nature alone can give to those that understand her. If you are tired or unhappy go back to her and she will rest you."

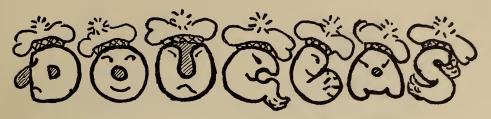
His words made me feel silent and subdued. We turned towards home—still in silence. Then he stopped and asked me if I was cold. I shook my head and he suggested that we sit on a large rock nearby and listen to the sea. For several minutes we sat motionless, neither of us wishing to break the stillness—broken only by the crashing of the waves on the cliffs.

He told me of his love for the sea, for the cliffs, for everything belonging to nature. He told me of his carefree boyhood days spent in scrambling over cliffs and fishing with the fishermen. He told me of his boyhood longing to become a sailor and of his father's firm refusal to permit his desire. He ended by saying, "Most people say I have made a great success of my life-I'm a wealthy man and I give large sums of money to the church and charity, but I feel dissatisfied. Gradually as I drink in the beauty of these surroundings I will become peaceful, rested, and perhaps, happy. But my life has been a failure, an utter failure." His voice broke and neither of us spoke.

After a moment or so, we continued our way homewards. At the door of the hotel where we were staying he stopped and held out his hand. "We are at the two ends of life," he said, "You, at the beginning and I, near the end, but we have found each other kindred spirits. We may never meet again but neither of us will ever forget this hour. With this he was gone. DOROTHY HOYLE,

Form IV A.





ON SLEEP

O sleep is not divine as poets swear! It earth-born is and can no farsphere claim:

No theme, no inspiration fair,

However mortal hand may break or maim

Or chain with pen, but springs from sight and sound:

While wak'ning we attain all loftier notes

Which in the darks of sleep can not be found.

The birds which hymn to God with praising throats

Create their psalms in the sun's bright flood,

When the light was quench'd and the song had ceased

The moon could only confirm it good,

And no muses of sleep its worth increased:

Sleep is a pause from day-divinity. SHELAGH SPRAGUE, Form V.

PROMISE

They said: "But still the snow is white.

The trees are stark, all things are dead.

It is not Spring when nothing bright Lifts to the sky a coloured head."

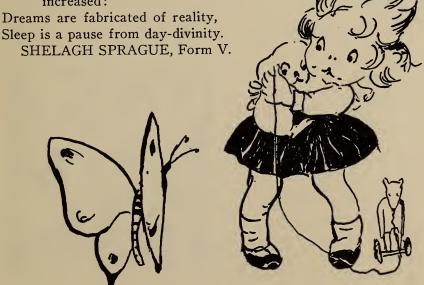
They are fools; Spring is close around.

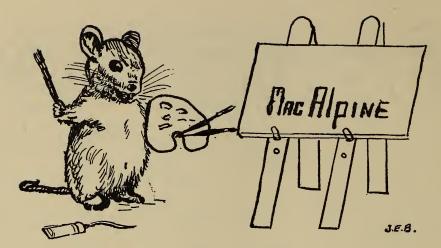
Its soft wings strive beneath the shroud

Of stilly snow and earth ice-bound, Gentlest wings like a Springtime

To these the world in stupour lies, But the struggle 'gainst Winter is won:

With tender, first flow'rs in his eyes The Poet walks warm in the sun. SHELAGH SPRAGUE, Form V.





Horizontalement

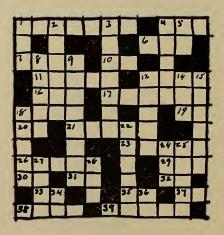
- 1. Un pays de l'Europe.
- 4. Souverain.
- 6. Une préposition.
- 7. Une cruche.
- 10. Impératif de "aller".
- 11. De cette manière.
- 12. Un cadavre.
- 16. Quelques-uns.
- 17. Rejoindre ce qui était séparé.
- 18. Railler.
- 19. Adjectif Possessif.
- 20. Ce qui compose un squelette.
- 21. Un bâtiment où l'on montre les choses anciennes.
- 23. Indulgence.
- 26. Où les enfants vont tous les jours.
- 29. Dicton.
- 30. Une interjection.
- 31. Une conjonction.
- 32. Une conjonction.
- 33. Un pronom.
- 35. Oui.
- 37. Un adjectif possessif.
- 38. Une partie d'un jour.
- 39. Ce qu'on met sur un cheval.

Verticalement

- 1. Ce qui tombe du ciel.
- 2. Une corbeille.
- 3. Des vaisseaux.

- 4. Lueur.
- 5. Un métal précieux.
- 8. Un légume.
- 9. L'un avec l'autre.
- 12. Tarder.
- 14. Un sourire.
- 15. Un voyage.
- 18. Vapeur qui se dépose le matin et le soir sur la terre.
- 22. Un édifice où nous adorons.
- 24. Un être.
- 25. Une sorte de jupon que les paysannes portent.
- 27. Légume.
- 28. Une saison de l'année.
- 34. Une négation.
- 36. Un pronom.

P. HOLDEN Form V.



Notes from a Coronation Letter

During the three weeks that were spent in London, we naturally were taken to see most of the points of interest to the tourist, but there were several great happenings that no ordinary tourist can experience.

On the evening of May the eighteenth, more than nine thousand young people from every corner of the Empire met in Royal Albert Hall for the Empire Youth Rally, the first of its kind in the world. The Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin made his last great speech as Prime Minister that evening, and what an inspiring address it was! As he pointed out, the idea behind the Empire Youth Movement is to promote friendliness and peace among the youth of the Empire, and finally, to stretch out our hands in friendship to the youth of other countries, and so form a foundation for peace throughout the world.

The next day the Archbishop of Canterbury spoke to us, in Westminster Abbey, still decorated with its Coronation splendour. The Canadian contingent of girls was asked to remain after the service and we then received the greatest surprise of the entire trip. We were escorted to Marlborough House, where Queen Mary very graciously received us, and allowed us to roam around her garden. In the grounds is the famous cemetery of the Royal pets, started by Queen Alexandra. Our police escort was very amusing on the way from Westminster Abbey to Marlborough House, trying to demonstrate how to curtsey to the Queen!

During the remainder of our stay in London we saw the "changing of the guard" from the forecourt of Buckingham Palace; the ceremony of the keys, at the Tower of London; and we were invited to "tea on the terrace" at the Houses of Parliament, where we climbed to the top of Big Ben. The evening before our departure for various English schools was spent at the Royal Tournament at Olympia, where members of the navy, army and air force gave an exhibition of their prowess at "physical jerks."

One of the schools were visited, Christ's Hospital School, is the oldest girl's school in England and was founded by Edward VI in 1552. It was formerly in London, but is at present in Hertford, about thirty miles distant. The school is divided into eight wards (or houses) with thirty-five girls in each. Naturally, as it is a very old school they have a number of old customs. For one thing, instead of using cups for their tea they use large china bowls from which to drink. I was fortunate enough to be at the school for their annual speech day, at which the Lord Mayor of London always presides. The Senior Grecians (or prefects) from the boys' half of the school at Horsham came for the day. On special occasions they wear their traditional uniform. It consists of a long cloak of heavy blue serge, long orange stockings, a white bib with buttons down the front ornamented with pictures of Edward VI, and belts. The higher one is in the school, the lower one wears the belt, and so the head boy had his down around his hips. All the teachers, especially Miss Craig, the Head Mistress, were very kind to me, and I was very sorry when

the time came to say good-bye to all the new friends that I made among the English girls.

The remaining week was spent at Eastbourne, where the outstanding event was a visit to Herstmonceux Castle, to which we had been invited for lunch by its owner, Sir Paul Latham.

Just seven weeks after our arrival at Liverpool, we set sail again, from Southampton, on the Empress of Australia, with telegrams of "Bon Voyage" from the King and Queen, and Queen Mary, and with memories that we shall always cherish.

MARGARET HARRISON, Form V.

Muskoka

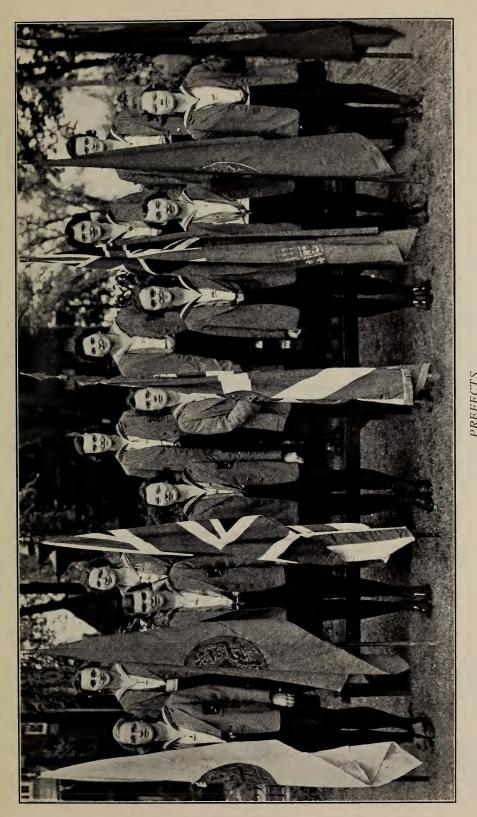
A small, pine-clad island lies dreaming in a blue Muskoka lake. Grey rocks, moss-covered, reach down into the water. Jutting into lake is a small, log pier to which is tied a brave, red canoe. Half hidden among the pines is a small log cabin. It is old and beaten by wind and rain, but the windows are wide and there is a verandah which faces the sunset. For many years I have spent my summers on this land and have come to know it and to love it more than any other place.

The dawns in Muskoka are glorious. One morning I woke just before daybreak. The lake lay grey beneath the grey sky. The shores were dim and ghostlike in the distance. The eastern sky became brighter and the first faint pink streaks began to colour the sky. The pink deepened into rose as I watched and daylight began to spread across the lake. Suddenly crimson and gold splashed the eastern sky. The sun rose above the pines and dappled the island with golden light.

The air that morning was cool and fresh. The morning breeze brought with it the pungent odour of pine-needles. I went down to the lake for a swim. The water was sparkling against the rocks in its cool northern way. I dived in. The cold water took my breath away and I rose to the surface gasping. All about me the water was ruffled and shaken. Circling ripples reached the rocks and splashed against them.

I spend much of my time canoeing. One morning I paddled along near the shore of the lake. Grey rocks hung over the water and dreaming pines were reflected in its depths. Ivies crept through the mosses on the shore. I turned into a small bay. It was long and narrow and full of reflections. A half-submerged log, covered with moss, lay near the shore. I paddled in slowly, leaving a trail of shaking shadows and reflections behind me. Ahead of me a frog swam madly for shore, scarcely breaking the water as he moved. A lonely bird dipped across the bay and disappeared into the forest.

The afternoons are long and warm. A drowsy wind blows across the island, scarcely moving the canoe as it lies against the pier. Dragon-flies with brittle wings swoop across the water. I lie on the warm, sunny pier and listen to the gentle lap, lap of the water against the logs until I fall asleep.



1. Elizabeth Callow, Nancy Tyrrell, Kathryn Shirriff, Martha Coryell, Joyce Caudwell, Joan Franks.
2. Helen Franks, Barbara Waite, Patricia Gibbons, Barbara Parker, Jean Stirling, Rosemary Sheppard, Joan Marlow.



The evenings are long and cool. The sun goes down in a gorgeous farewell, brightening the still water with its glow. The daylight fades and the stars come out. The shores of the lake are dim and shadowy. From far away comes the lonely cry of the whip-poor-will. The frogs begin their gutteral chant. The moon silvers the hushed lake and tips the pines with silver.

Not all the days, however, are so perfect. Some mornings are grey and damp. A grey mist hangs over a grey lake. Towards noon the rain begins to fall—a grey rain. The woods have an earthy smell. The rain drips from the leaves of the maples and oaks. Towards evening the rain stops and the clouds part. The sun bursts forth, making the trees and grass sparkle. The air is clear and fresh after the rain.

Storms in Muskoka are frequent. We had a very bad storm last August. In the afternoon the air was sticky and suffocating. The sky was lazy and the lake was still. Towards evening the sky grew black and sheet lightning flashed. Thunder rumbled in the distance. Suddenly a wind sprang up. It rocked the pines and roused the lake. It swept leaves from the maples. The rain came down, harder and harder. Lightning zig-zagged through the clouds. The thunder crashed. Darkness fell ominously. Gradually the rain slackened and stopped. The thunder became muffled. The lightning became less frequent. At intervals the rain would begin, then stop. Gradually the storm passed over and the clouds broke up. The next morning was cool and clear.

When I think of Muskoka I can see clear, deep water lying calm beneath a sunny sky; lonely hidden bays lovely in the moonlight; sun-splashed pines swinging in the west wind. All these sights are dear to the heart of anyone who has ever lived there.

HELEN McCORMICK, Form IV A.

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MACGREGOR

Wake singing birds
And fleet-foot fawn;
And forests ring
With echoing sounds.
The mischievous monk'
With all his chatter,
Swings, tree to tree,
'Mid fuss and clatter;
And kangaroo
Makes leaps and bounds.
The lion comes
Out from his den.
Beware!
He doesn't count ten,
He would not wait

For any man

Or use a fan.

To pack his bag

And "gallumps"

Morning shower.

To take his

Then too the elephant

Down to the river's edge,

Lets out his trumpet

DAYBREAK IN THE FOREST

In summer time First streaks of dawn

> The crocodile, A lazy brute, Dives down below To change his suit; Then in his best He comes above, With white kid glove And purple flower; To wait his prey Is his intent. Most animals Look forward to A morning dip In water blue, Or brown, whiche'er The case may be-They do not mind-In creek or sea, At dawn of day In summer time. SARAH SYMONS, Form I A.

Eat, Drink and Be Merry For To-Morrow We Diet



Every once in a while around ye olde schoole there takes place what might be called a discarding of the superfluous. During this period of "off with the old and on with no new" the theme song up and down Branksome halls is "No, No, A Thousand Times No!" and everyone's aim is to be a mere wisp. In all probability this outburst is prompted by some Romeo mentioning that he "Loves you from Coast to Coast." The girls, aroused by this insult to their general outline, decide that something must be done to reduce their individual girths. This is not an idle vow. The process of starvation, commonly known as diet, begins, accompanied by strenuous and tortuous contortions called reducing exercises.

Unfortunately, this course is beset with difficulties. They arise sometimes in the form of members of the staff who, rather than see you waste away before their very optical membranes, urge you with the greatest emphasis, accompanied by expressions of horror, to indulge in five peas instead of one, or to stretch a point and have a full square inch of potato. As you slyly munch a piece of dry toast, or attempt to slide the dessert to a non-reducer, you are constantly in danger of outside interference. This is very dangerous as it encourages secrecy instead of the frankness and openness usually found around Branksome. It is therefore suggested that reducers be humoured, and if you starve to death you will know better than to do it again. Then, too, Satan, the old rascal, presents himself in the form of delightful concoctions, so many of which exist (sometimes for days) in this fair schoolprune whip, mauve fluff, peach or banana surprise, and the like. No matter how much you try to avoid him, he is ever present, giving you playful shoves toward your doom. Other difficulties are those monstrosities (metaphorically speaking) who sit beside you at meals with their ninety pounds and their "No matter what I do I just can't put on weight," and who make rude remarks like: "How do you do it? I wish I could get fat!" and before your very eyes go about to attain their end by stuffing themselves most shockingly while you must say, "I have had sufficient to my suffonsification."

It is true that a course in slimming has its compensations. There are always a number of girls who are helpful during this time of hardship; for example, at recess as you sneak out of the office clutching your self-forbidden bun, suddenly, like lightning, it is removed from your eager grasp and you go on your way scarcely knowing that you ever possessed one. We suspect

that the day girls retain their sylph-like forms by Night Life. This, of course, is only a wild and debatable guess, but when some of our prefects appear late every morning you can be sure there is a reason.

Regarding reducing exercises, we can only say that if you see one of your room-mates or dear friends twisted into something which is practically unrecognizable, attempting to kick the ceiling or rolling around the gym in time to music, just be calm, think deeply for a moment, pull yourself together and realize that there is no need of medical aid, nor has your friend joined the Holy Rollers but merely the ranks of the reducers.

Despite the setbacks and opposition which it may meet, the mighty army of "lesseners" marches bravely on and continues to slighten rotund forms so that friends may say, "Who is that walking tooth-pick?" and you may be able to answer proudly, "It is I!" And so for days this struggle continues. Some people suggest that a shorter way to lose weight is to go on a milk and banana diet. This, however, is useless advice because think how silly you would look sitting at the table, peeling a banana and insipidly sipping raw milk. We should have some respect for ourselves as well as for our avoirdupois.

A great help in the process of reducing is found in sneaking up to the scales and weighing yourself as often as possible. You do not stay here too long at first lest a feeling of despair and hopelessness seize you. Often a glance is thrown behind in a desperate hope that some prankish school chum has mischievously placed her foot on the scales. When this last hope is dashed, you stagger over to a bench, sit down, and give the matter great thought and consideration. The benefit of this is that your former resolutions, if weakening, are immediately strengthened by what has been seen registered on the scales, and one says to oneself, "This thing must not go on!" It is best in this case to do this little on-and-off-the-scales act before every meal and twice on Friday night when one is free from supervision.

There is a question to be asked. Is it wise to stint at meals and then with your filthy lucre to travel gaily over to Queens, plant yourself in a stall, and masticate chocolate eclairs, French fried potatoes, and other foods containing too many "calories" for your own good? Are you being honest with yourself?

MARGARET PARKS, Form V.

MR. NEEDLE AND HIS LOVE

Mr. Needle edged over
To fix his eyes on Thread;
She was a pretty piece,
But well above his head.

Thread swayed back and forth, Accenting her sylph-like form; Arousing in Needle's heart, A feeling akin to storm.

Finally she caught his eye
And edged shyly towards his
head;

Then softly gave a silken sigh
"I'm your wifely thread," she said.
B. MARTIN, Form III B.

HIS BETTER HALF

The travelling Scot in the tavern stood

Drinking of ale that was old and good.

He drank his fill, then started out On a yard that insisted on turning about.

He passed a cow, that was standing in state

On top of a fence, that behaved like a gate

Swinging to and fro in the summer breeze

And brushing the leaves of purple trees.

The Scot walked on feeling woozy and ill

Until he reached the top of the hill; Then suddenly he came face to face With a thing like an elephant dressed in blue lace.

He gazed at this thing in awful surprise,

Until it changed colour before his eves.

The Scot fell on his knees; his face turned pale;

He resolved for the future, he'd drink no ale.

FLORA WAKEFIELD, Form II B.

8.31-8.32 —Eating breakfast.

8.33 —Indigestion.

8.36 —Starting to school.

8.37 —Still starting to school.

8.38 —Started to school.

8.40 —Miss bus.

8.45 —On bus and off (lack of funds).

8.46 —Meet old friend.

8.47 —On bus again.

8.50 —Meet other old friends.

8.52- 8.57 —Gossip.

8.58 —Realize I have missed my stop.

 $8.58\frac{1}{2}$ —Off bus.

8.59 —No old friends—must walk.

9.00 —Still walking — still no friends.

9.01 —Arrive—late.

9.02-11.00 —Work.

11.00-11.02 —Under Miss Tyrrell's influence.

11.02-11.03 —Can't get out from under Miss Tyrrell's influence.

11.03-11.15 —In classroom doing homework.

F. WAKEFIELD

C. PEARSE

P. PHAIR

Form II B.

MORNING TRIALS

7.30 —Mother calls me.

7.45 — Mother calls me.

8.00 — Mother calls me.

8.15 — Mother is hoarse—father calls me.

8.15½—Getting dressed.

8.17 —Pinning middie.

8.25 —Still pinning middie (pin broke).





THE LION OF LUCERNE

As we walked along the little street in Lucerne, Switzerland, in the summer twilight, we were not very enthusiastic about seeing another monument after a whole day of sight-seeing. However, the Lion of Lucerne proved to be one of the highlights of our European tour.

When we reached the little parklike space where the Lion is situated, we were almost over-awed by the natural beauty of the scene before us. It was growing dark by this time and the Lion, illuminated by floodlights, seemed to be quietly sleeping. We almost expected to see him stretch himself and step down from his resting-place, which is hewn out of a huge wall of living rock.

As we drew nearer, we heard a steady trickling and saw beneath the monument a pool of water

formed by streams issuing from the Looking upward we now noticed the broken arrow which had fatally pierced the lion and wondered what this signified. simple Latin inscription was easily translated and we found the monument to be in memory of the Swiss Guard who fought bravely in defence of their master, Louis XVI, in the time of the French Revolution. The broken arrow represents death which was the result of the great bravery displayed by the Swiss, who were cut down in an empty cause; for the Royal Family had already left the palace.

The Danish sculptor, Thorwaldsen, chose this subject to symbolize strength and nobility even in death.

We returned to the hotel, convinced that no more fitting tribute had ever been offered to heroism than the Lion of Lucerne.

MARY PERCY, Form III A.

DUSK

As the last golden hue
Fades from our view,
And the first shy star
Peeps out from afar,
The pitiful loon,
From the far lagoon
Utters his cries.
As the last light dies,
Diving down to the wind blown reeds,

Where the green bull-frog feeds Croaking his song in the waning light,

Boomp, boomp through the starry night,

Faint cow-bells sound from the distant land

As if they were rung by some fairy band,

True lovers sing a merry tune
As their birch canoe glides under
the moon.

RUTH STEVENS, Form IV A.

THE SONG

In the cool grey drifts of the night, When the hours are still and long, On cloudy wings is oftimes borne The echo of a song.

Lost fingers pluck at memory's strings,

It's haunting theme is told
In clean night winds — spring's
tender dawns
That watch the earth unfold.

It's theme is new, yet old as time, It's rhythmic measures sing Of throbbing drums; of ancient fires;
Of dim, elusive things.

The theme evades my clumsy grasp, As though a touch would mar The wisp-like, half-forgotten tones, That drift by from afar.

In the cool grey drifts of the night, When the hours are still and long, On cloudy wings is oft-times borne The echo of a song.

SHIRLEY JACKSON, Form III B.

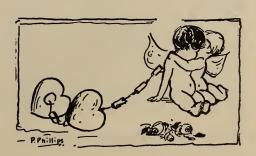
A RING HE GAVE HIS LADY

A ring he gave his lady,
One night when stars swung near,
In a sky of velvet darkness;
And she seemed oh, so near.

A ring he gave his lady, She, disbelieving, said: "Nay, it's not so: a dream perhaps— By passing fancy led."

A ring he gave his lady, As she sat there all alone, A ring he gave his lady, But it was on the 'phone!

SHIRLEY JACKSON, Form III B.



An Earful at a Game of Bridge

"My dear, isn't this weather too, too divine. I just said to my husband this morning, 'Jack,' I said, 'you really must wear your spring coat.' No, thank you, dear, no sugar, I'm reducing but I would like



one of those dee-ee-licious looking cakes, aren't they just too cute? So I said to him, 'Jack,' I said, 'wear your spring coat'-oh yes, let's do play bridge. No dear, I'll play with Maude here. My dear, did you see Mary's hat the other day. I swear it's her old one worn inside out. I'll deal. Now, quiet every one, I've got to concentrate. I pass. My dear, Smith-Smythes are moving again. I bid three hearts. I saw their furniture on the lawn today and it actually looked moth eaten. I mean it actually did, and the Smith-Smythes are, well, I mean, after all you all know what I mean. By the way, Maude, don't trump my ace like you did last time. My dears, did you see that young Parten girl? She actually had shorts on right on the front lawn and talking to Bob Corby as brazen as you please,—as I was saying there they were in shorts right on the street practically. Oh, Mary, I hear Bill and Toots are breaking up again, you know I don't approve of this younger generation, gadding about with boys at her age. Now, when I was her age-whose deal? Why Maude, what do you mean 'keep quiet'? I haven't been talking much. You all know I can't play bridge and talk at the same time-I bid four No Trump. Did you see Josephine Culbertson is introducing a five suit game of bridge. Humph -not for me. What's good enough for my ancestors is good enough for me. I pass."

J. BERTRAM, Form IV B.

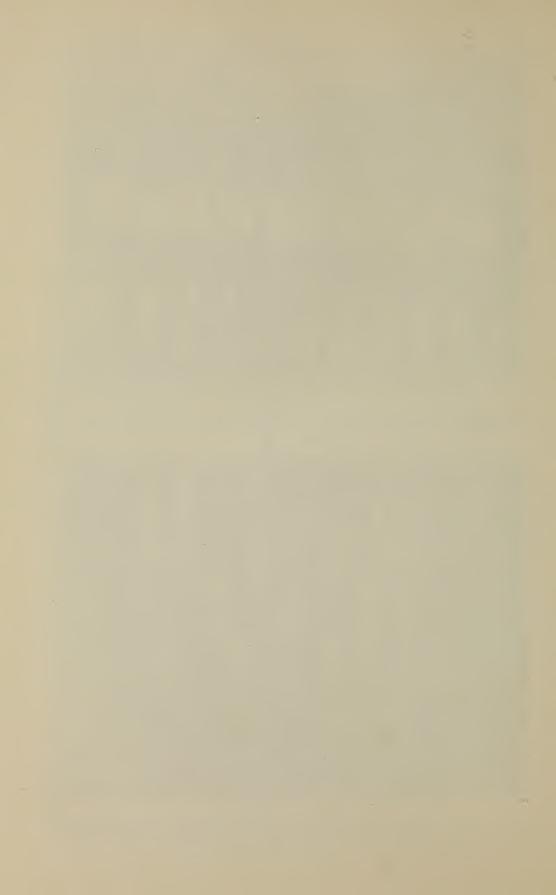


CLASS PRESIDENTS Eleanor Willard, Doris Campbell, Alice Cochrane, Sara-Lee Moxley, Margery Crawford, Patricia Heighington, Dorothy Hoyle, Patricia Gundy, Kathryn Shirriff, Josephine Taylor.



SUB-PREFECTS

Diana Hawkins, Marjorie Schuch, Eleanor Reed, Joy Mackinnon, Phyllis Longmore, Gladys Baalim, Dorothy Hoyle, Margaret Parks, Joan Mitchell, Margaret Harrison, Francean Campbell, Mary Walker, Barbara Martin, Phyllis Holden.





"How to Win Friends and Influence People"

Of course I know Carnegie wrote a book, but the average Branksome school girl is too busy studying to read such an extensive work as that.

The first thing, of course, is to make sure you have complied with all the advertisements. Have you dingy teeth? No one can have coffee-nerves now. Get rid of that bald spot. In these modern days it is a cinch to take 12 inches off your waistline. Do they laugh when you sit down at the piano? Well, when you have the right answer to all these, you have taken the first step.

Now that you have started to win friends, the question is, what do you want to influence them to do—to help you with your homework?—to lend you a stamp?—to sign you in and out on Saturday? The procedure, of necessity, differs according to the end you have in view. If you have succeeded in making lots of friends by the first step the groundwork for the influential business won't be so tough, as you can get one thing you want from one friend, and another thing you want from another friend. However, if step one wasn't so successful, you might want more than one thing from each friend. In this case, naturally you will concentrate more on the groundwork. You can get more from a firm friend than from a casual acquaintance.

Of course, the first thing a girl has learned is the best way of getting a touch from dad. This practice will stand her in good stead in borrowing from friends. The general procedure is the same.

For the girls in residence there are many good ways to insure the friend-ship of your room-mates. Of course, no really genteel person snores, so that need hardly be mentioned; however, one should be warned that although "all the world loves a lover," it isn't so lenient with snorers. Another thing, when asking someone to scram, don't say as Lady Macbeth did to her dog, "Out damned Spot." Ask them in a kindly way to put their frame on the other side of the door when gently closing it. And if you are troubled by the Shakespearian cough (T.B. or not T.B.) try to throttle it when it starts around midnight. Again, if you are on a diet and think of nothing but "O that this too, too solid flesh would melt!" others are not as interested in your diet as in their own.

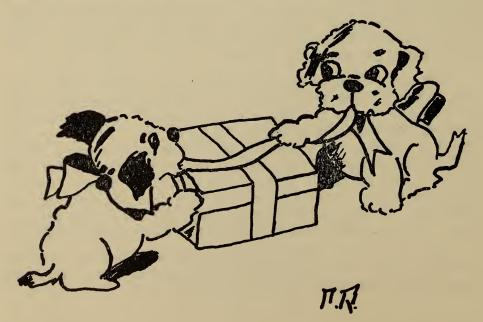
Day girls, remember when you are recounting your "and I sez to him and he sez to me's," the boarders don't get much chance to "sez to him."

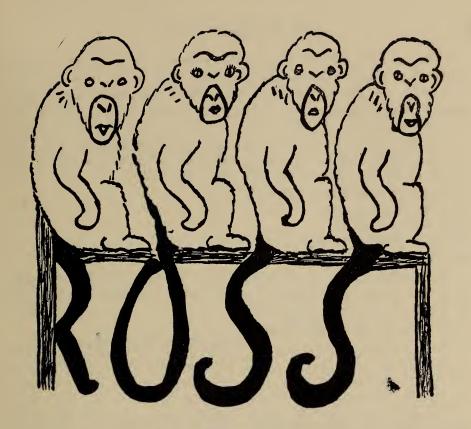
The general rule appears to be, "Give every man thy tongue and few thy ear." You can think up your own solution to this problem—answers are getting scarce.

If you comply with all these things and still are a real gal "for a' that" you should have as many friends as Methuselah had years and as much influence as Hitler. Even Carnegie couldn't kick at the result.

Miss C.—And I said to Hannibal, Hannibal I shall come back to you as soon as I possibly can manage it. E. Dickie—Now, let us think.

Miss J.—No, let's do something
you can do too.





Does It Pay to Advertise?

This is an era of publicity. A highly specialized form of this is magazine advertising. If you pick any magazine off the rack you will find that at least one-quarter of it consists of advertisements. Some debutante in Iowa washes her face with Nels Haphtha and consequently has "the skin you love to touch." However, she is not satisfied that her father and mother know she washes her face, but she must have the Nels Haphtha Company know, and fifty million other unsuspecting people. Yet does it pay to advertise?

You open a magazine. You thumb over the pages, slowly and carefully to be sure. And why? Certainly not because of the glorious sagas contained therein. Never! But because Leopold Stoloutsky, the famous swing band leader, uses cushion soles to give him that certain bouncing rhythm, and Clangabella, the famous French actress, chews Squigley's to give her that secure feeling (this is because her jaws are always firmly stuck together), to say nothing of the fact that Kate Sbith was always so thin and undernourished that she was never a magnet on the beach. Then along came Ironized Yeast and now you can't even see the beach.

You turn over two or three more pages and what strikes you this time? Why, here is a way to get your matriculation in ten easy lessons (two dollars is the down payment), and you wonder why all these college graduates took the trouble to work for you, or if they were just ignorant.

Next, the Lifebouy "ads" make you introspective and a definite inferiority complex has developed by the time you realize that you might have any one of athlete's foot, hickies, halitosis, B.O., falling hair, pink tooth brush, smoker's throat, dishpan hands, washday blues, that "dental cripple smile", tattle-tale grey, or all of them.

Not only this, but when you reach the end of the magazine, you begin to get the slogans slightly confused in your mind, saying to yourself:

"Camels for falling arches" (they give you a "lift").

"Listerine for those sparkling eyes."

"Ivory for floating power."

"Ipana for dandruff."

"Drano for smoker's throat."

"Brasso in six delicious flavours."

At this point (and this is the point that every advertiser eagerly awaits) you lie down in a state of complete mental exhaustion and wildly and deliriously call for all the products at once.

Oh, yes, it pays to advertise!

ELIZABETH CALLOW, Form V.

MON ARRIVEE A BRANKSOME

Je ne peux m'empêcher de rire en me rappelant mon arrivée à Branksome.

Dès la première récréation, la vue d'une élève descendant l'escalier avec une superbe chaussette écarlate accrochée à sa jupe, provoquait mon fou rire. Avec la certitude de participier à une farce très drole j'addressais des sourires et clins d'oeil entendus autour de moinaturellement personne n'y comprenait rien!

Figurez-vous mon ahurissement quand je vis le spectacle se multiplier: . . . chausette bleue, par ci, bas vert par là, autre part un chausson jaune etc., etc. Je ne savais pas que c'était là une tradition.

Plusieurs autres incidents de même nature me démontrèrent vite que mes nouvelles compagnies étaient très gaies. Le temps que j'ai passé avec elles n'a fait qu'accentuer cette impression de début. Je les félicite de cette qualité ainsi que de leur gentillesse et de leur bon vouloir.

ROSINE CERA, Form I B.



An Indian Legend

In the very centre of a tiny island near the shore of Lake Ontario, there lies a large rock. The formation on the top of the rock, as seen from a distance, resembles the head of a large female fox. The Indians have a legend concerning the head. They have passed it down through the ages from mouth to mouth, and here I have endeavoured to retail it as it was told to me by a very old Indian squaw, one of the last of her tribe.

"A great warrior chief had followed a moose spoor for many moons and, becoming exhausted, he searched for a resting place. He had found a cave in a large rock and had settled down to sleep among the leaves that had gathered there. While he was resting, a great slab of rock, that rested just above the mouth of the cave, became dislodged and thundered down, completely entombing the hapless Indian alive.

For days he was thus trapped, living on mosses and herbs such as were found growing on the walls of the cave and the tiny drops of water caused by the dampness. But even these would not keep him alive for long and he became so gaunt and weak that he could hardly stand erect.

One day, when he felt he would have to give in to the Great Spirit, he heard a faint scratching at what had been the mouth of the cave. As he listened, it grew louder, and suddenly a ray of light darted across the inky blackness. Minutes passed,

and the hole grew larger. The warrior could contain his excitement no longer, and with a whoop of joy, he sprang at the opening and dug frantically with his hands, pulling away great chunks of the soft earth until he had made a hole just large enough for him to crawl through. The sudden light blinded him, but he saw enough to satisfy him. Just rounding a clump of bushes, he saw the brush of a fox's tail; then it was gone.

The Indian glanced back at his prison; he saw the marks where the little animal had been digging to find a suitable place for her family. To show his appreciation of his salvation to the Great Hunter, he carved the head of a fox on the top of the rock and here it remains to this day".

It was with this legend still in my mind, that I sat on the rock one afternoon on a quiet day in June, gazing out on the serene calm of the lake. No sound had broken the silence for over an hour, even the aspen leaves were motionless. sudden movement, directly below me, caught my eye. Between the leaves of the thick underbrush that covered the rock. I saw a glint of red. It vanished and then appeared. I sat perfectly still and presently I could make out the forms of three fox cubs romping together in the sun. Even as I watched they disappeared. Breathlessly, I waited; but they did not show themselves again. Slowly, I crept down the slope until I found a hole in the side. Curiosity got the better of me, and measuring out enough space for a well expanded fox-cave, I started to dig at the top of a large slab of stone.

As I worked, I heard bits of loose earth and stones falling as though from a great height, and, presently, I had exposed a hole large enough in which to stick my hand.

I stretched my arm and found—nothing! Quite excitedly I dug a larger hole, and, as I was about to test the depth with my leg (it being considerably longer than my arm), I felt the whole slab give way with a crash; I fell down, through eternity it seemed, and landed with a resounding thud on solid rockbottom.

Bewildered, I looked around, trying to collect my thoughts. The slab of rock had been loosened by my digging and slid twenty feet down the slope, disclosing once more the mouth of the legendary cave, for so I believe it was.

With a cry of surprise, I jumped up and began to explore my new surroundings. On a pile of leaves and soft downy substance, I discovered the rest of the fox cubs, which I had seen playing but a moment before. Soon my explorations were rewarded, for on one side of the cave I saw strange markings. I examined them more closely, and, to my unbelieving eyes, they began to take the form of human beings and animals traced

in a series of lines from right to left. As far as I could discern, each figure represented an action.

For the rest of the afternoon I studied them out and toward evening I had before me the story of the warrior chief, told as the Indian had scratched it on the walls of his prison during his long hours of waiting.

The following day I returned with some friends to prove my discovery. They did not believe a word of my weird tale and soon, tiring of the novelty, returned home, leaving me alone to soothe my injured spirit with creating new imaginings.

From that day to this, I have held that rock, with its hollowed cave, almost sacred in my memory. I return to it now and then to enjoy its marvels and to be taught by the Great Spirit.

JUDITH KNOX, Form III A.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

London—Rows and rows of smoking chimneys.

Edinburgh—Empty streets on Sunday afternoons.

Paris-The taxi strike.

Geneva—Horses wearing straw hats.

Vienna—Reckless driving.

PENELOPE WALDIE, Form III A.



ON SKIPPING CLAN MEETINGS (For those who don't go to them)

She couldn't come to meetings
Of the clan at short recess
Her studies were the main thing
She sadly did confess.

Lured by the cries of playmates
As she rushes past the door
She stops and throws her books
away,

They land upon the floor.

Her cares seem gone forever
As she swings beneath the trees,
But soon she spies a studious soul
With books upon her knees.

Recalled to earth, she turns around, She rushes in the door; Her foot trips over something, And she's lying on the floor.

"Help! Help!" she cries but no one's near,
No! wait! there's one ahead,

"Come quick," she calls out loudly, "I think I've cracked my head".

The person walks up slowly,
She helps her to her feet;
"Oh, thanks a lot", she cries and
then
"Oh what a girl to meet."

It is her own clan chieftain
Who glares at her full sore,
"It serves you right," she sharply
says,

"You won't skip any more."

Take heed my friends, as you can see

What might have been your fate, So always come to meetings And never come in late. ELEANOR REED, Form IV A.

Teacher—I've had to give you an hour every day this week, have you anything to say for yourself?

Pupil—I'm awfully glad it's Friday, Miss ———.

'Twas exam. week at Christmas, And through the dark halls Tiptoed girls with flashlights And warm coveralls.

Now one of these maidens,
A timid young lass,
By cramming her Trig,
Faintly hoped she might pass.

The scene of her struggles
With difficult math.
Was that popular structure
The corridor bath!

So she like the others
By dawn's early light
Tiptoed down the hallway
To commence the great fight.

When snuggled in blankets,
Her book on her knees,
Something soft scratched her leg
And she gave it a squeeze.

And there at her feet In its free-flowing gore Lay the corpse of a mouse On that well-fought floor!

Shrieking she rushed
To her comforting bed,
And there 'neath the pillow
Buried her head.

Meanwhile in mousedom
The sad knell proclaims
The death of a hero of widely sung
fame.

MARGARET KROEHLE Form IV A.

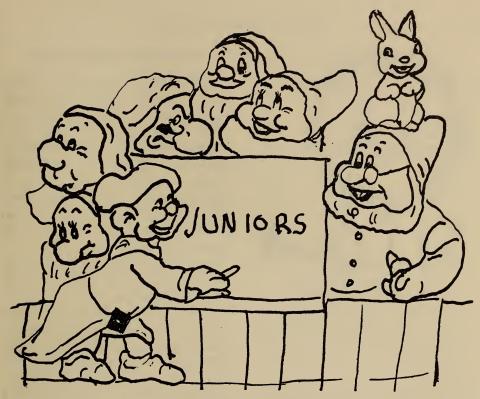
Miss C.—What do you know about Horace?

J. F.—Nothing.

Miss C.—Why Joan, I thought you were going to look him up over the week-end.

Miss P. (in geometry) — Erase that diagram so that the class can see it.





A Letter from Beethoven to a Friend

Dear Fritz:

February 3rd, 1814.

I feel I must tell someone about the terrible disaster that has come upon me. I am becoming deaf, and the doctors fear that there is no hope of saving my hearing.

You know, my dear friend, if this became known my career as an Orchestra leader would be ended and I could earn no more money. Probably no one would even listen to my music.

I feel that I cannot bear it. Nearly all the people call me rude!—but you know all the sadness and troubles I have had during my life. Since I found out that my nephew, Hans, for whom I have done so much, is nothing but a rascal, my music is the one thing for which I live.

I am very anxious to finish my present work, as I am trying to accomplish what my teachers (Hayden and Albrechtsberger) said I could not do without following all the set rules of composition. I have already written seven symphonies; the fifth, I think, is the favourite one of the people, but I hope that my new work will be just as popular as my fifth.

Please come down from the Alps and tell me what my new symphony sounds like, as I probably will never hear it, and I want so much to see you.

I am trusting you, dear Fritz, to keep my secret and to help me in the years to come.

I am determined to die famous.

Your old friend, Ludwig Von Beethoven.

BARBARA HARGRAFT, Jr. III.



A LION'S LUNCH

A lion, lord of all the beasts Went out to get his dinner. He hadn't had a meal for days, Was getting thin and thinner.

His wife sat crying in the den, His children stopped their play, For when he did bring dinner in It was their Auntie May.

J. CANNON, Intermediate.

SPRING DAWNS

I wandered through the sleeping woods,

I crossed o'er frozen springs. My heart was warm and light and gay—

Away from earthly things.

'Twas cold and dreary in those woods

But something in me said: The SPRING is here with gay warm days.

The flowers no more are dead.

And then I heard a crackling sound,
I turned around in fright,
And there behind me in the snow
I saw a robin light.

J. CANNON, Intermediate.

WINTER IN SCOTLAND

Last winter was spent in Scotland. I stayed with an Aunt whose home was near the North Sea.

Christmas time was fine and bright. The ground was hard with frost, but the grass was still a pretty green.

Early in January we had a little snow, and I was very happy because I like to go sleigh-riding and to make snow men.

Soon this fall of snow quickly went away, and we had some fine sunny days again.

The mornings were very dark and the days went very quickly. In the afternoon the sun looked like a big ball of fire, and soon after that the stars came out, hundreds of them.

One morning we woke and found that the snow was up to our knees.

The wind was blowing and making big snow drifts.

The Cheviot Hills looked silvery white all dressed in snow.

Sad to say, many sheep and lambs got lost in the snow drifts and died.

At last we had all the snow we wanted. My sister and I made a big snow man on the lawn and two weeks later he was the last bit of snow to melt away.

ANN CAWTHRA, Jr. III.

OWLS

Owls come out to play at night, In the glorious bright moonlight. They fly about and call to me, To Wit, To Woo, To Wit, To Wee.

SALLY SPENCE, Jr. II.

The Life of a Pair of Gym Shoes

When I was first sent to the shop I was very handsome indeed. I was black in colour and my soles were very shiny.

The salesgirl put me on a shelf with many other pairs of shoes. I made friends very quickly, and was soon chatting merrily with a pair of rubber-boots. He told me he had been there a long time and soon would be sent to the basement where he would be sold for a small sum.

One day not long after I had come, I was taken out of my box, examined and wrapped up to be sent out. No sooner had I got to the house when I found I must be sent back. I was too small.

It looked as if I were going to stay in that shop forever, when one day a girl and her mother tried me on and bought me.

The next morning I was put in a school-bag with several books and an apple and a bottle of ink.

My owner was in a hurry that morning because she wanted to get her grammar done before school began. As soon as we got out of the door she began to run. Soon I felt a trickle of ink running down inside of me. I was very sorry because I knew the ink would spoil my appearance.

When we got to school I was wiped with a blotter and put in a locker. There I met a badminton racquet and a bird. They told me they had not been used very much that week because there was good skating and skiing.

In a little while my owner came and I was put on. We had lots of

fun doing hand stands and summersaults and trying to jump over a box.

For several months nothing out of the usual happened. I was used three or four times a week for games and gym.

One day I found we were going to play a basketball game. I was very much excited like my owner. I was put on after lunch and we began to practice. Before I knew it the game was on. We played for some time. Every now and then I would hear her cheering. Then one final cheer—the game was over and we had won.

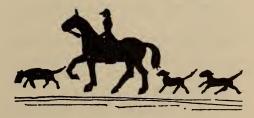
My owner took me off at once and put me on a chair meaning to come back for me after she had had a drink. I waited and waited but nobody came to get me.

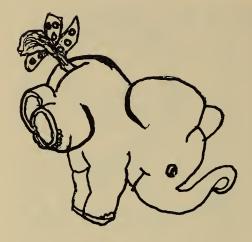
Then somebody came, not my owner though. She took a glance at me and exclaimed, "At last! I thought I never should find them".

I was then taken to a class room and tied to a chair.

The next gym period I was untied. Alas! I did not fit. Soon I was taken to the lost-and-found box where I met many strangers. I am still there but I hear there is to be an auction sale on Friday and I do hope I'll be sold.

ELIZABETH FALCONER,
Intermediate.





BEST OF ALL

A pretty dress is very fair, So is a shining shoe, A coloured ribbon in the hair, Is always lovely too.

Good manners, true, are always well, They make sweet ways much better;

But modesty is best of all
It makes all things still sweeter.
VIRGINIA TORY, Jr. III.

THE PASSING DAY

A soft, warm breeze comes softly from the south,

A sweet, low sound blows faintly through the grass,

The world is full of light, gay ecstacy,

The distant sea is like a pane of glass,

The world rejoices 'neath the glowing ball.

Then silence, and the darkness conquers all.

J. CANNON, Intermediate.

ROBIN RED BREAST

One day as I was walking by,
A cheerful Robin caught my eye.
He chirped at me,
And said with glee,
"See if you can climb this tree".

I climbed into the leafy tree,
But there no Robin could I see,
A merry prank
He'd played on me
So on I trudged quite wearily.
JOAN BRADBURN, Jr. IV.

I have a little bunny
And he is quite polite.
Although he's very funny
He does everything just right.

I have a little pussy cat.

I also have a horse.

They eat so much and grow so fat,
They're like balloons, of course.
GLORIA LYONS, Form II.

CAESAR

I have a dog called Caesar,
And he just loves to swim.
He spends his time in fishing stones,
And it agrees with him.

NAOMI INGLIS, Form II.

A little Japanese girl
Had hair so very black.
She wore a bright kimono
And a sash upon her back.
LOUISE WALWYN, Form II.



THE CAROL SERVICE

The annual carol service of Branksome Hall was held in Westminster Central Church on Sunday evening, December 12.

The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion with Christmas wreaths, white lighted candles and Madonna lilies adorned the communion table at the back of the chancel.

After many beautiful carols had been sung by the school and congregation, the choral class, and the Juniors, a Christmas pageant, representing Mary, Joseph and the Angels, was presented.

The following Sunday morning, the choral class took the place of the choir at the White-Gift Service of the Carlton Street United Church. This service was broadcast over station C K C L.

R. SHEPPARD (Clan Stewart).

LIBRARY DAY

The following have made gifts to the library of books or money in connection with "Library Day":

Betty Adams, Beverley Balfour, Joan Bradburn, Sally Broughall, Francean Campbell, Zillah Caudwell, Joan Chalmers, Winnifred Clarke, Alice Cochrane, Barbara Brook, Gwendolyn Du Mont, Joyce Frankel, Pamela Fulford, Mary Gall, Patricia Gibbons, Elizabeth German, Elizabeth Greene, Mary Glendinning, Mary Jean Hall, Phyllis Hanley, Marilyn Heintzman, Allison Henry, Jocelyn Hodge, Peggy Hodge, Eleanor Hogarth, Marilyn Hogarth, Phyllis Holden, Dorothy Hoyle, Mona Kennedy, Toan

Knowles, Ellenor Lackie, Shirley Liddicot, Dorothy Lorraine, Marion Joy Mackinnon, Nancy Macleod, Joan Marlow, Betty McBain, Miss McEvoy, Peggy McKelvey, Louise McLaughlin, Mary Percy, Alixe Phillips, Lydia Phipps, Peggy Purvis, Miss Read, Eleanor Reed, Phyllis Robinson, Miss Robinson, Betty Rogers, Marjory Rogers, Marjorie Schuch, Miss Shaw, Helen Shearme (1936), Kathryn Shirriff, Louise Smith, Ann Spence, Sally Spence, Aileen Stinson, Jane Taylor, Joyce Taylor, Norma Taylor, Virginia Tory, Nancy Trees, Catherine Vanderburg, Mary Walker, Louise Walwyn, Elizabeth Wardlaw, June Whitehead, Katharine Whitehead.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB

This year the Dramatic Club presented two plays, the first, a translation from the French play "The Two Cowards", by Labiche, and the second, "Men Are Missing".

Every member of the Club had an opportunity of taking part in one or other of the plays, both of which were well received by the audience. A party was held after the performance for the producers and players, which was attended by an enthusiastic group of pupils disguised as gate-crashers.

M. GLENDINNING (Clan Ross).

From L'Abbe Constantin—Mme. Scott was courted in English, French, Italian, Spanish and German because she knew those five languages.

Mademoiselle — Now girls, see what you are missing.



THE GYM DISPLAY

The annual physical training demonstration took place this year on April twenty-ninth, at Varsity Arena, in the presence of a large number of parents and friends. The pipers preceded the prefects bearing the flags, the school following and taking up their positions in form ranks, after which "God Save the King" was sung.

The Junior School then performed clever marching tactics to music and balancing exercises followed by tap-dancing and games.

The fundamental gymnastics performed by a large group from the Senior School displayed marked coordination, rhythm and flexibility. Among the most popular numbers on the programme was that of the group performing special gymnastics with exercises in vaulting, leaping and marching tactics. This was followed by folk-dancing and the ever-popular Danish Scottische.

For the finale, the head girl and the prefects with flags took their positions on a revolving platform in the centre of the arena, around which the school in marching order circled in alternate directions several times, leading off in caterpillar fashion.

KAY SHIRREFF (Clan Douglas).

BADMINTON

Badminton holds a very important place among our school sports; in the winter especially, when many outside activities are impossible the whole school actively participates in the tournaments. This year Jean Stirling won the singles and Joan Marlow and Jean Stirling doubles. The badminton played Havergal and B.S.S., and also spent an enjoyable morning at the badminton club. The use of the courts at St. Paul's Church has made it possible for all who wish to do so to play this great game. We look forward to its success again next year.

JOYCE CAUDWELL (Clan Campbell).



SWIMMING

Branksome's splashing activities this year have followed a busy, fishlike course. It all began with a dose of unusual enthusiasm last fall, when, because school opened late, the pool was a welcome Indian summer. The water-sprites plunged in for all sorts of work and fun, from the most admirably intricate flips and tests to common flops and struggles. There is a splendid system of "do - a - stunt - and - earn a - point", divided into classes of gradual advance, and the more points won for your clan the merrier (for your clan). Two demonstrations were staged; first, on the occasion of Lady Tweedsmuir's visit, second, on parents' night.

In the various swimming meets, cups were won by Leone Comstock, Doris Campbell and Mary Van Wyck and Betsy Green for senior, intermediate and junior divisions, respectively.

We are very proud of six outstanding girls who are training classes for the Royal Life Saving Society Bronze Medallion. The six girls themselves make this part of their own work for the First Class Instructor's Certificate, which, as everyone knows, is the tops for real swimming achievement. Our swimming fleet is certainly working hard, but we are all indebted to our Neptuness, Miss Sinclair, who rules the waves so ef-fish-ently.

> JOSEPHINE TAYLOR, FRANCEAN CAMPBELL, (Clan Campbell).

A BASKETBALL DIARY

Oct. 12th—First day of school and consequently of basketball. Several practices follow during which the heterogeneous mass is sifted and the talented left.

Nov. 1st—First and Second teams are chosen and the fun begins.

Nov. 5th—First encounter takes place and a lively one it is. The Old Girls play the New Girls after the Old Girls' Dinner. The renewing of acquaintances and E. Dickie's "All in the way you hold your mouth" attitude, are special features. Score: First team, 22-10, and Second team, 24-2. (Hurrah for us).

Nov. 16th—Once again we seem to have that old feeling—Branksome faces B.S.S. on the outside courts, or are about to, when the elements interfere. Game is held indoors. A fine game but in the rush our First team neglects to score often enough. Result, 18-32. The Second team is wiser. Result, 22-10. Spectators still comment on Joy Mackinnon's ability to play excellent basketball

and keep the floor free of dust at the same time.

Nov. 27th—Branksome plays Hatfield. Two-thirds of the court is used instead of the customary one-third. The score, 8-32 (in b.b. we always say it's the spirit and not the score that counts). The Second team score, 24-10. We had a delicious lunch.

Oct. 31st—Clan games begin today and we hope everyone will participate.

March 31st—Clan games feature G. Baalim's pivot of six feet radius and P. Longmore's method of thrusting aside all obstacles that come between her and her goal. We don't know who will win but here's to the MacGregor's.

First Team

Captain—J. Stirling. Forwards—B. Martin, J. Stirling.

Centres—B. Parker, E. Willard. Guards—K. Shirriff, J. Mackinnon, L. Comstock.

Second Team

Captain—D. Hawkins.

Forwards—E. Dickie, D. Hawkins, N. Tyrrell.

Centres—J. Mitchell, J. Taylor, J. Campbell.

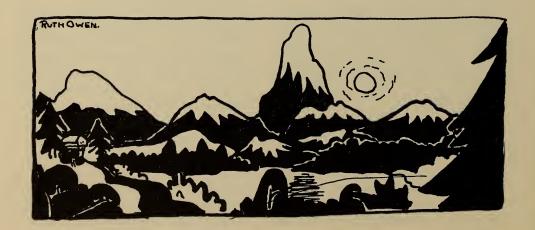
Guards—H. Franks, W. Clarke, M. Dietrich.

MARGARET PARKS, JEAN STIRLING, (Clan MacGregor).

Miss E. (in Chemistry)—What's the quickest way to make sawdust? Pupil—I don't know.

Miss E.—Come girl, use your head.

M. S.—My nose is shining. I can see it in your face.





HEAD GIRL Barbara Parker.



BASKETBALL Barbara Parker, Helen Franks, Barbara Martín, Kathryn Shirriff, Leone Comstock, Eleanor Willard, Diana Hawkins, Jean Stirling.



Opheleo

Owing to the co-operation of all the girls and the continued assistance of some of our friends, the Opheleo Society is able to report a most successful year. Our means of raising money this year was the same as in previous years with one addition. At the end of each clan's term of responsibility for school neatness, an auction sale of unclaimed articles was held and the proceeds given to the current collection.

Once more we were able to send \$200 to the Ramabai mission for child-widows in India. During "Ramabai Week" we were fortunate to hear a young missionary, Miss Amer, who was leaving shortly to take a post in the Mission.

The response to the work at Christmas was particularly gratifying. We were able to send Christmas dinners, clothing, bedding and toys to fifteen families.

During Ramabai Week and the Lenten season we collected a total of \$100 to send to the mission to support Avantika, our orphan, and Rhadia Gwikwad, a teacher. We sent also our annual subscription of \$50 to the Branksome Hall bed at Ludhiana Hospital, and \$50 to the China Inland Mission.

Last year, \$235 was sent to the summer fresh-air camps and we hope this year to be able to send as much or more. A total of \$13 remains from the Lenten collections which will be added to the camp fund.

The total collections from Easter, 1937, to Easter, 1938, amounts to \$687.78.

BARBARA WAITE (Clan MacAlpine).

Beta Kappa

We, of the Beta Kappa, have not had the usual number of duties to perform this year, since we have not been required to plan the Friday night entertainments. However, the decorations for the masquerade and the school dance have occupied our time.

The Hallowe'en masquerade was a very colourful affair. The decorations were carried out in the usual orange and black and the walls were covered with owls, cats and skeletons. The costumes were exceptionally original and must have required a great deal of thought and planning on the part of the girls. The outstanding event of the evening, however, was a fashion-show given by the teachers. Miss Read modelled what the "well-dressed" head girl should wear and looked stunning in a red dust-mop.

The school dance, which is given annually by Miss Read for the girls of the third, fourth and fifth forms was held on January twenty-ninth. The decorations conjured up for this occasion by the Beta Kappa were elaborate and varied. The panels in the walls of the gymnasium enclosed large card-

board shields, which represented different schools. Across the balcony at the back of the gymnasium was a frieze which stretched the whole width of the room. White figures representing all the sports at Branksome were cleverly drawn by Kitty McMullen and pasted on a background of royal blue. The affair came to an end at one-thirty and everyone agreed that it had been delightful.

Although the committee of the Beta Kappa has been through some very harassing experiences which were nerve-wracking, tense and terrifying times when adhesive tape stuck to everything but the wall, when ladders were stricken with St. Vitus' dance right under our feet, and when almost all the decorations fell down an hour before one of our festive occasions, nevertheless, we all agree that we have had valuable experience in working together and in putting into effect what originality we possess. Best of all, we have thoroughly enjoyed it.

ELIZABETH CALLOW (Clan Ross).

Prefects

Barbara Parker

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints in the sands of time."
—Longfellow.

Positions held—Head Girl and Honorary President of Beta Kappa and Opheleo Societies.

Has attended B.H.S. six years.



Elizabeth Callow.
Position held—President of Beta Kappa.
Has attended B.H.S. three years.
Plans—Honour English at Varsity.



Joyce Caudwell.
Position held—Vice-president of Beta Kappa.
Has attended B.H.S. seven years.
Plans—School of Nursing.



Martha Coryell.
Position held—Secretary of Beta Kappa.
Has attended B.H.S. five years.

Helen Franks.
Position held—Vice-president of Opheleo.
Has attended B.H.S. eleven years.
Plans—Back to B.H.S.

Joan Franks.
Position held—Chieftain of the Douglas Clan.
Has attended B.H.S. eleven years.
Plans—P. and A. at Varsity.



Patricia Gibbons.

Position held—Editor of Branksome Slogan.

Has attended B.H.S. six years.

Plans—School in Paris.



Joan Marlow.
Position held—Secretary-treasurer of Fifth Form.
Has attended B.H.S. five years.
Plans—Varsity.



Rosemary Sheppard.
Position held—Secretary of Opheleo.
Has attended B.H.S. three years.
Plans—Queen's.



Kathryn Shirriff.
Position held—President of Fifth Form.
Has attended B.H.S. five years.
Plans—Varsity.



Jean Stirling.

Positions held—Vice-president of Fifth Form.

Captain of First Basketball Team.

Has attended B.H.S. five years.

Plans—P.T. at Varsity.



Nancy Tyrrell. Has attended B.H.S. nine years. Plans—Nursing.

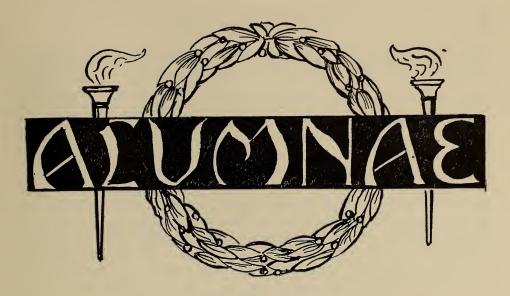


Barbara Waite.
Position held—President of Opheleo.
Has attended B.H.S. five years.
Plans—School of Nursing.



Calendar 1937-38

Oct. 11th—House Girls enter. Jan. 18th-Miss Marion Keighley Oct. 12th—School re-opens. Snowden. Oct. 15th—Games. Jan. 20th—Rubenstein. Oct. 16th—House picnic at Farm. Jan. 21st-Madame Fahey. Oct. 20th—"Twelfth Night". Jan. 28th—THE DANCE. Oct. 20th—President MacCracken. Jan. 30th—Miss Atkinson. Oct. 22nd—Gathering of the Clans. Feb. 4th—Week-end. Oct. 27th-Installation of Prefects. Feb. 11th—French Plays. Oct. 29th-Masquerade. Feb. 13th—Miss Hooper. Oct. 31st-Dr. Struthers. Feb. 18th—Movies. Feb. 21st-Badminton Dinner. Nov. 1st—Salzburg Opera. Nov. 2nd-B. Ball, B.H. vs. B.S.S. Feb. 22nd—Toronto Symphony. Nov. 5th-B. Ball, Old Girls vs. Feb. 23rd—Swimming Meet—Hart Present. House. Nov. 9th—Junior Picnic at Farm. Mar. 8th—Skating Carnival. Mar. 10th-Miss Horton. Nov. 12th—Picnic at Farm. Nov. 16th—B. Ball, B.S.S. vs. B.H. Mar. 11th-Ski Movies. Mar. 13th-Miss Becker. Nov. 17th—"Victoria Regina". Nov. 18th-Russian Ballet. Mar. 16th-Parents' and Teachers' Nov. 19th-Long Week-end. Meeting. Mar. 19th-Inter-Varsity Meet-Nov. 20th—B.H.A.A. luncheon, Hamilton. Montreal. Mar. 20th—Mr. Kiminsky. Nov. 22nd—The Lady Tweedsmuir. Mar. 25th—Flower Show. Nov. 25th-Kreisler. Nov. 26th-Miss Ruth Auer. Mar. 27th—Mr. Murphy. Apr. 1st—Form II plays. Nov. 27th—B. Ball, B.H. vs. Hat-Apr. 7th—School closed. field. Apr. 20th—School re-opened. Dec. 12th-Carol Service-West-Apr. 29th—Gym. Display. minster Church. May 6th-Julius Caesar. Dec. 14th—Christmas Plays, May 7th-Alumnae Dinner. Juniors. May 13th-Form I plays. Dec. 17th—Christmas dinner. May 20th—Junior Swimming Meet. Dec. 19th-Carol Service-Carlton May 27th—Sports Day. United. June 3rd-Matriculation Dinner. Dec. 21st-School closed. June 10th-Strawberry Festival. Jan. 5th—School re-opened. June 12th—Closing Service. Jan. 7th—Skating party. June 13th—Picnic. Jan. 14th-B. Ball, Staff vs. Girls. June 14th—Closing. Jan. 16th-Dr. E. Ralph Hooper.



It is with much pleasure that I present the Secretary's Report of the Branksome Hall Alumnae Association for the year 1937-38.

Two executive meetings were held at the school to formulate plans for the year.

A tea was held in November to raise funds for materials for layettes members of the Alumnae proposed to make. For some time the Alumnae had in mind honouring Miss Robinson, and it was decided to endow a shelf in the library, and at this tea the presentation of a brass plate, with her name on it, was presented to her by Mary Hanna Hall. It came as a delightful surprise to Miss Robinson, who thanked the assembled members in a few well-chosen words.

Miss Read gave a delightful luncheon for the executive committee, January 18th, every member being present.

Members of the Alumnae, under the capable direction of Donalda Macleod, acted as ushers at the Physical Training Demonstration held in the Varsity Arena, April 29th.

Daisy Robertson Gall, our very efficient sewing convener, reports an average attendance at the Tuesday afternoon meetings of twenty-five. Fourteen complete layettes were made and also a box of knitted articles. Eight of the layettes were disposed of by members to needy cases and six were sent to the Victorian Order of Nurses. The expenditure amounted to \$67.00.

Miss Read's dinner, May 7th, was an enjoyable event. The toast list included the King, proposed by Miss Read; the School, proposed by Ruth Stock, replied to by Viola Cameron; the Graduating Class, proposed by Irla Mueller, replied to by Patricia Gibbons; and the Alumnae, proposed by Barbara Parker, replied to by Momiji Ubukata Fujinami. Then followed Miss Read's address to the girls and the annual meeting of the Alumnae. Reports were read by Mary Hanna Hall, Daisy Robertson Gall and Joan Knowlton. In the absence of the Secretary, Gladys Simpson Brown, her report was read by Nan Gooch Hutchinson. The officers were re-elected with the exception of the Treasurer, Joan Knowlton, who resigned owing to pressure of work. Mary Wardlaw (Senior) was elected in her place. Ruth Rutherford Kinnear, Catherine Bryans, Pauline Lea were added to the committee.

Moving pictures of the farm and coloured movies of Bermuda, which Miss Read had taken, were then shown, and we were also much entertained by Mr. Rust and his dummy, "Pat".

This report goes to press early in May, so it is not possible to tell of the luncheon and tea the Alumnae propose giving at the school farm, Clansdale Heights, May 31st.

GLADYS SIMPSON BROWN, Secretary.



This is a red letter year in the annals of the Alumnae. Branksome became a great-grandmother, for the first time in direct line, twin daughters having arrived for Lois Plant Barron, thus granddaughters for Lily Shannon Plant. Well done, Lois!

A meeting of the Montreal branch of the B.H.A.A., which took the form of a luncheon at the Winter Club, was held last November, Miss Read and Ainslie McMichael going down for the event. Kathleen Wilson Leslie was responsible for the very excellent arrangements. The following were present:—Rosalind Morley MacEwen, Grace Greer Grindlay, Gretchen Kastner Doull, Joyce Glasgow, Elaine and Amy Enderby, Janet Porteous, Catherine Laing, Betty Marshall, Joy Hopkins, Babette Dunham, Muriel Armstrong, Betty Hagmeier, Wynifred Burgess Sharpe, Dorothy and Peggy Galt, Jean Fleck Barclay, Jessie Wright Evans, Marjorie Gordon Smith, Eleanor Sykes McCulloch, Bessie Boehm, Marion Douglas, Betty Faulkner, Betty Horrocks Broome, Lois Rapley, Florence Drury Boucher, Gladys Lee Reade, Dorothy Apedaile Wyllie, Frances Read, Eleanor Henry, Helen

Bradley Langstaff, and Marjorie Apedaile. Speeches were made by Miss Read, Kathleen Wilson Leslie, Jean Fleck Barclay and Rosalind Morley MacEwen.

At Easter, Miss Read went to Bermuda, and while there gave a luncheon for the Old Girls living on that island. Those present were: Margaret Morton Lightbourn, Virginia Outerbridge Cooper, Esther Outerbridge Joell, Elinor Bluck Butterfield, Jean Morton, who was visiting Margaret and Ainslie McMichael. Also Mrs. Hastings Outerbridge and Miss Read's sister, Mrs. C. R. Lorway. That same afternoon Frances Smith Zuill, who had been prevented from being present at the luncheon, gave a tea for Miss Read and the other girls entertained her at their homes at various times. Needless to say, they were all delighted to see Miss Read. Elinor, Virginia, Margaret and Esther all proudly introduced daughters who are to come to Branksome in three, seven, eight and twelve years respectively! Esther's daughters are twins, nearly three years old. Margaret Trott has a position in New York City, so was not in Bermuda at this time.

Macia Campbell, student in fourth year medicine, passed her primary F.R.C.S. exams with flying colours. First woman undergraduate to do so. She attended the conference of the Canadian University students held in Winnipeg during the Christmas holidays. Joan Romeyn is a demonstrator in Chemistry at the University of Toronto and the following are in their first year at that institution:—Jean Lander at Victoria, Sherry Bond and Shirley Smith at Trinity, Katharine Cannon, Betty Chambers, Betty Harrison, Gwen Plant, Helen Sutherland, Mary Wilder and Edith Wilson are at University College. Gretta Riddell is registered in medicine.

Frances Clarke is at Queen's, where she was awarded an entrance scholar-ship in Latin, and Maude Edmison obtained her B.A. Degree at this university in May. Cringan Trimble and Ruth Davis are at Western University and Jean McCormick at McMaster. Barbara Ross is attending the University of Manitoba and Betty Hagmeier is at McGill. Babette Dunham, who is also at this Montreal University, is secretary of the Alpha Tau Chapter, Gamma Phi Beta.

Edna Hinder Hamilton has just finished her freshman year at a Michigan university. Theodosia Burr is at Bennington College, Vermont, and Harriet Taggart at Harcum Junior College, Bryn Mawr. Catherine Brett is attending Woodbury College, Los Angeles, California.

Barbara Powis obtained her certificate as librarian from the Ontario College of Education Library School last May. Helen Conway and Gwynneth Sinclair graduated from Trinity last summer, the latter has been attending the Ontario College of Education this winter, as has also Natalie Campbell. Helen has a position in the Health Department of the Parliament Buildings. Clare Brown is in the office of the Dean of Women, University of British Columbia. Flora Macleod, who has been on the staff of St. Hilda's, Calgary, has won a scholarship at the University of Alberta and is proceeding to her

M.A. degree. Jean Ross is assistant Art Editor of Acta Victoriana, the undergraduate paper of Victoria College. Mary Barker took a course in Physical Training at Columbia last summer. Eunice Plant, Pauline Lea and Helen Rooke are at Shaw's Business College.

Kathryn Campbell won the Sir William Mulock Scholarship for Proficiency in Theory and Practice, Junior year, at the Wellesley Hospital. Frances Bell is a nurse-in-training in the Toronto General and Edith Ely in a Cleveland hospital. Gertrude McQuigge is head of the Physiotherapy department of the Women's General Hospital, Montreal.

Lucille Dumaresq is teaching at the Halifax Ladies' College and Ethel Tweddell is teaching in a Montreal school. Barbara Thomas is secretary of the Rollins School of Acting, New York City, and Bunty Birkett has a position with the Toronto Industrial Commission. Eleanor Hughes and Evelyn Baker are with the Manufacturers' Life Insurance Co., Toronto, and Roberta Johnston is with the Metropolitan Life, Ottawa. Cathleen Clark has a position in the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Kathleen Perry is in the Treasury Department of the U.S. Government, Washington, D.C., Carol Clark is in the office of the Toronto Hydro Commission, and Frances Read is an assistant hostess at Murray's, Montreal. Marion Leng, who graduated as a dental nurse, is now in a dentist's office. Margaret Stafford has a position in the office of the Cunard White Star Line, Toronto.

Mary Becker is one of the leaders of the Pioneer Camp for Girls, Doe Lake, Ont. Norah Fletcher was in charge of the Peterborough Y.W.C.A. camp at Stoney Lake last summer and the following were volunteer workers at Bolton Camp:—Catherine Bryans, Elizabeth Trees, who, by the way, played the part of Mrs. Jenkinson in "Miss Elizabeth Bennet" produced at Hart House in January, Elizabeth Young, Betty Harrison, Phyllis Pattison, Jean Lander, Janet Davidson and Cecily Taylor.

Helen White and Jocelyn McWilliams are in New York City. Helen at the Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School and Jocelyn at Miss Spence's. Margaret Davison and Carol Hendry are taking courses at the Margaret Eaton School, and Mary Mackinnon is at Macdonald Hall, Guelph. Betty Marshall and Catherine Laing are attending Macdonald, St. Anne de Bellevue. Jane Morgan is taking a course in Canadian Mothercraft.

Virginia Piers gave her graduation recital in May and Kathleen O'Flynn obtained her A.T.C.M. in June, 1937. Nora Conklin and Molly Sclater gave a joint vocal recital at the Toronto Conservatory in April.

Mary Gibson is spending the winter in London, England, studying art, and the following are attending the Ontario College of Art, Toronto:— Margaret Essery, Eleanor Henderson, Constance O'Grady, Pamela Pearse and Betty Piddington. Kathleen Boyd is taking Art classes at the Northern Vocational School, and Kathleen McGee will spend the summer in New York studying the same subject.

Jean and Ruth Coram have a studio. A pair of hand wrought pewter

candlesticks which they made was exhibited in the Canadian building at the Paris Exposition.

A number of Branksome old girls have been taking handicraft classes with Mrs. K. R. Perry (Mademoiselle Sandoz) at her studio, 41 Cumberland Street.

Rosalind Morley MacEwen was matron of honour for Madeleine Chisholm Moon, Helen Rutherford Bunting and Miriam Fox were Ruth Rutherford Kinnear's attendants. Eleanor Hamilton was maid of honour for Betty Connell Kennedy, Mary McLean maid of honour and Joan Knowlton bridesmaid for Amy McLean Stewart. Virginia Copping maid of honour and Gwynneth Sinclair and Mary Kingsmill bridesmaids for Cynthia Copping Crookston, Marjorie Apedaile was Dorothy Apedaile's bridesmaid and Eleanore Bell and Jean McCormick performed the same office for Evelyn Davis Binkley. Edith Innes accompanied Grace Innes Plaxton up the aisle and Norah Fletcher and Margaret Patterson upheld Margaret Henderson Tarr!

Marriage has taken a few Alumnae to live in distant lands, Margaret McIntosh Nayler to Australia, Helen McLennan Sutherland to Scotland and Caroline Bull Glyn to Ireland. Mary Trainer Outerbridge is to live in Bermuda and Roma Wilson Knapp spent the first year of her married life in Albania. Margaret Robertson Mitchell and her husband plan to spend the next two years in Great Britain.

Betty Connell Kennedy is making her home in Guelph and Margaret Henderson Tarr is living in Cincinnati. Madeleine Chisholm Moon, Anne Ogden Morris, Marion Wilson Tillinghast and Elizabeth Holmes Pretty have joined the New York Alumnae. Corunna, Ont., is Helen Pidgeon Caesar's address and Norwood, Ont., will find Evelyn Davis Binkley. Jean Jewitt Paterson is domiciled in Noranda, P.Q., and Juliette Morin King in Stratford. Jessie Wright Evans has returned to Toronto to reside, Viola Cameron has also come from Montreal to live in Toronto, where she is continuing publishing her magazine, "Knitting and Homecrafts".

Grace Innes Plaxton, Dorothy Cluff MacManus and Mary Bailey Campbell are living in Ottawa and Persis Coleman Cutler in Arntfield, P.Q. Molly and Sybil Turner may be addressed Bovey House, Beer, Devon, England. Chika Ubukata Nicolau arrived in Montreal in May, where she will live for a few years, her husband having been appointed Roumanian Consul-General for Canada. Momiji Ubukata Fujinami came to Canada to meet Chika on her arrival, and returns to Japan in September. Frances Whitman Davies has moved to Yarmouth, N.S., Mary Rodger Collier, whose husband is connected with the West China Union University, has returned to Toronto for a visit.

Jean McDougall Ghormley, who is living in Rochester, Minn., visited Marjorie Hazelwood in Winnipeg last autumn and Jane Wilson visited Rosamund McCoy at Miami Beach recently. Others who were south during the winter are: Eleanor Lyle, Anne Radcliff, Dorothy Hardy, Esther McWaters, Isabel Pirie Lewis and Rhoda McArthur.

Margaret Phippen McKee and Pauline Stanbury Woolworth spent the

autumn cruising in South American waters and Phyllis Hollinrake was on a trip which took her through the Panama Canal, down the east coast of South America, through the Straits of Magellan and up the west coast. Margaret Boughton went to California by way of the Panama Canal. Mary Walker Ryan, who is now living in Winnipeg, spent a month in California this winter and Marjorie Hazelwood was in Mexico. Jean Loblaw motored to Evergreen, Colorado, last summer to attend the Alpha Gamma Delta convention as delegate for the Tau chapter.

Margaret Aitken went to England in April to be a bridesmaid at her brother's wedding, and Mary and Joan Gooderham sail for Europe in July. Ruth Hamilton is conducting a girls' tour of the West and Alaska under the auspices of the Canadian National Railways this summer.

Grace Morris Craig was elected president of the Heliconian Club at its May meeting. Sylvia Dilworth is president of the Toronto Hospital Occupational Therapy Society, Muriel Sinclair is teaching swimming at Branksome.

Dorothy Manning is the Art Editor of the "Beauty and Style" magazine. She also broadcasts on women's fashions. Alix Wood McCart is one of the managers fo the Arlington Galleries, dealers in antique furniture. Elsie Woods is regent of the Lady Tweedsmuir, I.O.D.E., and Rachel Sheppard is the leader of a pack of Wolf Cubs in Coldwater.

The daughter of Kathleen Cahill Bankier is in the residence, as are the sisters of Elizabeth Brydon Dickson, Catherine Laing, Jean McCormick, Barbara Ross and Edith Wilson. Florence Gall Foulds sends another daughter who is in the day school along with the children of Mabel Clark Drew Brook, Helen Holmes Broughall and Muriel Parsons Fulford.

The following out-of-town Old Girls visited the school:—Wynifred Gray Goodeve, Dorothy Elliott, Babette Dunham, Dorritt Larkin Lewis, Marjory Busteed, Aileen Winslow, Jocelyn McWilliams, Lenore Gooderham Cherry, Billie Pryce Jones, Margaret Speers, Momiji Ubukata Fujinami, Ann Howitt, Dorothy Black.

Births

Jessie Davis Mackay, a son, April 22nd.
Dorothy Thayer Banwell, a daughter, May 5th.
Elda McFarland Bolton, a daughter, May 15th.
Isabel Buck Burt, a daughter, May 21st.
Geraldine Barber Lundy, a son, May 22nd.
Frances Playfair Jennison, a daughter, June 9th.
Eileen Page Mackenzie, a daughter, June 24th.
Sheila Lee MacGillivray, a son, July 12th.
Betty Rutherford Ward, a daughter, July 22nd.
Dorothy Bryce Johnston, a son, July 29th.

Ann Bastedo Blaikie, a son, Aug. 1st. Betty Horrocks Broome, a daughter, Aug. 6th. Betty Turnley King, a son, Aug. 16th. Nona Stewart Scott, a daughter, Aug. 30th. Helen Hartwick Grand, a son, Sept. 2nd. Nancy Wilson Lord, a son, Sept. 6th. Florence Wilson Thompson, a daughter, Sept. 16th. Marion Clark Pinchin, a daughter, Sept. 18th. Jean McIntosh Swinden, a son, Oct. 20th. Helen Richardson Stearns, a daughter, Oct. 22nd. Constance Davies Wilson, a son, Nov. 4th. Hope Gibson Smith James, a son, Nov. 11th. Marjorie Franklyn Jones Fraser, a daughter, Nov. 18th. Isobel MacGregor Barber, a daughter, Nov. 21st. Marjorie Sinclair Galt, a daughter, Nov. 29th. Katherine Scott West, a son, Dec. 3rd. Rubye MacMillan Strawn, a son, Dec. 3rd. Valerie Franklyn Jones Guest, a son, Jan. 3rd. Aileen Milne Bain, a daughter, Feb. 7th. Edna Chown Morse, a daughter, Feb. 11th. Constance Innes Smith, a son, Feb. 12th. Kathleen Corrigan Shaw, a daughter, Feb. 14th. Margaret Barrett Eldridge, a daughter, Feb. 15th. Margaret Henderson Corrigan, a son, Feb. 15th. Ruth Eaton Brown, a daughter, Feb. 20th. Margaret West Dewar, a daughter, Feb. 20th. Muriel Oakley Barthelmes, a daughter, Feb. 23rd. Catherine Hyde Phin, a daughter, March 3rd. St. Clair Macdonald MacKendrick, a son, March 4th. Bessie Webster Brown, a son, March 11th. Helen Smart Medland, a daughter, March 15th. Elizabeth Robson Walker, a son, March 15th. Margaret Beaton Marshall, a daughter, March 24th. Daphne Boone Sams, a son, March 24th. Jane Aitken Gordon, a daughter, March 29th. May Eyer Keast, a daughter, April 1st. Vivien Dennis Thompson, a son, April 3rd. Alice Bryce Felty, a daughter, April 4th. Roma Wilson Knapp, a daughter, April 4th. Elizabeth Brydon Dickson, a daughter, April 11th. Juliette Morin King, a daughter, April 24th. Lois Plant Barron, twin daughters, April 25th. Louise Dreyer Geikie, a daughter. May 7th. Joan Shaw Caldwell, a son, May 8th.

Marriages

Helen Bradley to Thos. A. K. Langstaff, May 8th. Marion Wilson to Arthur Jesser Tillinghast, May 14th. Ruth Rutherford to Thos. Clark Kinnear, May 29th. Wynifred Burgess to Stuart Cruickshank Sharpe, June 5th. Katherine Strickland to Guelph H. Mayor, June 9th. Frances Foot to Wm. Bruce Martin, June 14th. Mary Moore to Walter George Meyer, June 14th. Gretchen Heyd to Frank Leonard Hancock, June 19th. Juliette Morin to Jas. Maurice King, June 23rd. Mary May to Dudley G. F. Abbott, June 23rd. Margaret Kinsman to Wm. John Morrow, June 28th. Shirley Graves to Fowler M. Gobeil, June 28th. Cynthia Copping to Jas. Ian Crookston, June 30th. Eleanor McDougall to John N. Forman, May 7th. Helen Glennie to Geo. Henderson Mowat, July 10th. Roma Wilson to Merrill N. Knapp, July 17th. Trudie Green to Jas. Douglas Munro, July 24th. Jean Jewitt to Wm. B. Paterson, July 24th. Mary Robertson to Roger O. Mitchell, July 26th. Mary Morley to Donald H. Anderson, Aug. 7th. Margaret Hardy to A. Campbell Plewes. Jeanne Swinton to John Edward Calvert. Isabel Ross to Wm. A. G. Kelley, Aug. 24th. Dorothy Apedaile to Jas. Gow Wyllie, Aug. 28th. Helen McLennan to Forbes Sutherland, Sept. 1st. Elizabeth Holmes to W. M. Pretty, Sept. 4th. Amy McLean to Clair Stewart, Sept. 8th. Catherine Davison to Wm. Allyne Rooke, Sept. 10th. Madeleine Chisholm to Gene Moon, Sept. 11th. Helen Pidgeon to Cameron H. Caesar, Sept. 11th. Betty Shepherd to Ray Corson, Sept. 11th. Bey Boyd to Alan Knight, Sept. 20th. Marion McLaren to Robt. A. Armstrong, Sept. 25th. Isabel Adams to Donald A. McIntosh, Oct. 9th. Betty Wilson to J. David Scholfield, Oct. 15th. Audrey Lavelle to Francis E. Doyle, Oct. 23rd. Isabel Saunders to W. M. Knowlson, Oct. 23rd. Evelyn Davis to Walter E. Binkley, Oct. 30th. Betty Connell to John E. Kennedy, Nov. 6th. Grace Innes to Hugh J. Plaxton, Nov. 6th. Katherine Grant to Clyde Douglas, Nov. 12th. Elizabeth Campbell to Frederick J. McDiarmid, Nov. 27th. Anne Ogden to Ralph Franklin Morris, Nov. 27th.

Isabel Bate to Leonard Grieve Robinson, Dec. 4th. Joan Spiers to Samuel John Purdy, Dec. 4th. Margaret Parker Somers to Robt. Wade Grant, Dec. 16th. Marion Cates to John Harley Hamilton, Dec. 18th. Peggy Hanna to Victor T. Griffiths, Dec. 29th. Neva Jones to Gordon Orr Watson, Jan. 3rd. Margaret Lansdowne to Hugh Gordon Ross, Jan. 11th. Dorothy Cluff to D. Walter McManus, Jan. 27th. Elsa Carruthers to Roy Harris Widdefield. Margaret McIntosh to William Geo. Nayler, Feb. 5th. Phyllis Shepard to Forrest Scott McFeat, Feb. 5th. Sallie Tod to H. Kelsey Devereux, Feb. 12th. Caroline Bull to Hilary Glyn, Feb. 16th. Violet Tapley to Alan Greig Hunter, Feb. 26th. Dorothy Misener to John Alex. France, March 2nd. Grace Paterson to Earl Richmond Bell, April 2nd. Gwynneth Scholfield to J. W. Gaius Thompson, April 2nd. Eleanor Rowlatt to F. Chas. W. Hyde, April 18th. Mary Trainer to H. G. Outerbridge, April 23rd. Margaret Gilmour to Carruthers Carpenter. Betty McBean to David C. Leggett, May 7th.

Deaths

Rosemary, daughter of Mary Rodger Collier, May 25th.

J. George Macdonald, husband of Allie Stanners Macdonald and father of Jean, July 25th.
Barbara, daughter of Mabel Richardson Bertram, Aug. 12th.
Helen, daughter of Jessie Winchester Moore, Aug. 31st.
Eric Richardson, husband of Elizabeth Walton Richardson, Oct. 21st.
Infant son of Katherine Scott West, Dec. 5th.
Arthur Ebbels, husband of Elva Stevenson Ebbels, Feb. 21st.
Colin Burns Lind, son of Eleanor Williams Lind, April 2nd.
Jennifer Starr, daughter of Juliette Morin King, April 24th.
Infant son of Joan Shaw Caldwell, May 9th.
Hugh Gall, husband of Daisy Robertson Gall and father of Mary, May 19th.

Staff

MARRIAGES

Miss Myra Crocker to Dr. L. L. McQuitty, June 15th. Mademoiselle Helene Sandoz to Mr. Karl Raymond Perry, June 19th.

DEATHS

Mrs. Ryrie Smith (Miss Norah Burke), Jan. 23rd.

In Memoriam

Ruth Horrocks Brown, March 16th.

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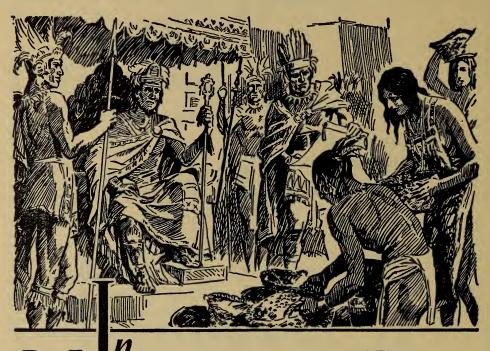


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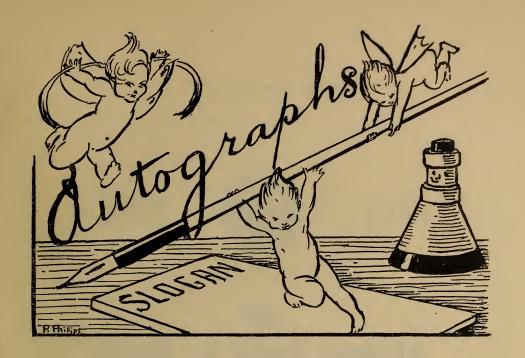
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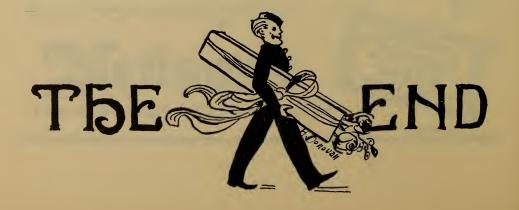


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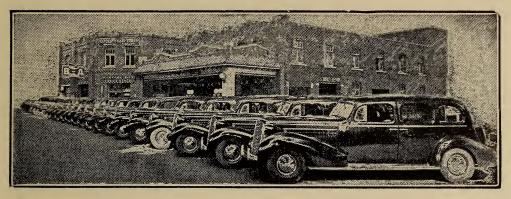


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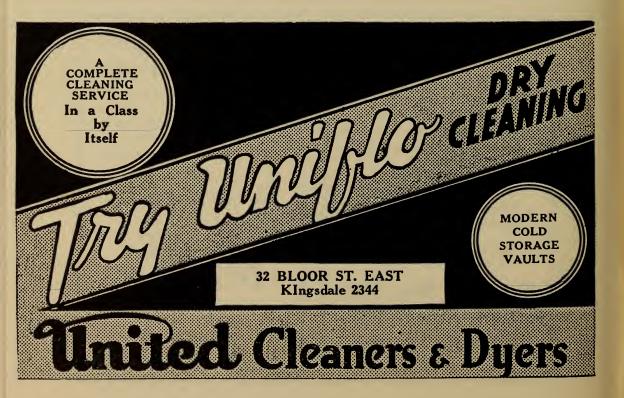
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